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SHORT VERSES,

In IMITATION of

LONG VERSES:

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO

W---m P--tt, Esq;

Naughty, paughty Jack-a-dandy.
Nanby Pamby.

Sic parvis componere magna solebam.
Virgil.

LONDON:
Printed for M. More, near St: *Paul*'s, 1746.
(Price Sixpence.)

SHORT VERSES,

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LONG VERSES;

IN AN

EPISTLE

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SHORT VERSES,

In Imitation of

LONG VERSES:

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO

W--m P-tt, Eſq;

SINCE one hath writ,
To thee, O *P-tt!*
Whom none can know,
If Friend or Foe;
Deign to ſmile on,
Lank *Ly----on*:
For tho' his Lays,
May ſquint two Ways;
They're meant for Praiſe.

Sir *Bob* to hang,
Thou did'ſt harangue;
While he in Joke,
The Cornet broke.
But *Hal* now flatter'd,
Then whipp'd, then ſpatter'd,

With

With Fear full-fraught,
Thy Favour bought:
The *Patriot* ends,
And ye are Friends,
Like *Cæſar* He,
As *Tully* was to Thee.
As when much tired,
In Roads bemired;
Men ſee by Night,
A Fairy-Light,
Which they purſue,
With eager View;
In hope to win
A friendly Inn;
But by Miſtake,
In ſome foul Lake
Surpriz'd they're flung,
Of Mud or Dung,
From whence the *Meteor* ſprung.
So far'd the *Crew*,
Who follow'd *You*,

Or as a Maid,
On Back firſt laid,
By dire Miſhap
She gains a C--p,

Such was your Caſe,
Scarce warm in Place,
Defil'd all o'er,
An errant Whore,

You

You changed your Stile,
Like Turn-Coat vile.

What ſtill refrain,
From long ſought Gain!
Still to entice
A higher Price:
No, no, my *P-tt*!
Once near being bit,
Did not the Band
Their K---g withſtand;
And bring Him low,
As K---g cou'd go.
Tho' *France* did threat
The Royal Seat;
Tho' Rebels dire
Spread Sword and Fire;
Careleſs of all
That could befal,
The Crown or Realm,
They quit the Helm;
Cabal, combine,
Revile, reſign;
One, One and All,
From *London-Wall*,
To *P---m* * Cock-Crower of *Whitehall*.

Then go, my Foy!
No more be coy,

Go,

* An Officer of great Antiquity

Go, force your Way
To C---rt for Pay !
Nor Fear nor Shame
Should now reclaim ;
Courtier or Patriot, thou ar't ſtill the ſame.

Our Col'nels all
For thee loud call,
By *All* I mean
The great *Fourteen* ;
Like thee large-ſoul'd,
Deſpiſing Gold.
Theſe never ran,
From *Preſton's-Pan* ;
Nor did they yield
Baſe *Falkirk*'s Field ;
Far, far from both,
To fight full loth,
They will not go
To lye in Snow,
Till *William*'s Blade
Hath got thy Tongue for Aid.

Hibernia ſmile !
Thrice happy Iſle :
On thy bleſs'd Ground,
Twelve thouſand Pound,
For *Stan--pe*'s found ;
Three thouſand clear,
For *P-tt*, a Year,

So

So ſhalt thou thrive,
Induſtrious Hive;
While theſe and more
Increaſe thy Store :
Thrice envy'd Land!
Reſerv'd to pay *Britannia*'s Patriot Band.

Sunk in the *Weſt*,
As in the *Eaſt*;
For all allow
Thou art ſunk now,
Yet ſoon, when near
The Royal Ear,
Thou with ſuch Things
Shalt ſooth our K---g's,
As gain'd Huzzas,
Of loud Applauſe,
From *Syd---am* glad
And *Ca----w* mad;
Then ſhall for War
The *Dutch* declare.
Then we the *Ruſs*
Shall meet and buſs.
Then, then ſhall *France*
Fall in a Trance.
Then, then ſhall *Spain*
Yield to thy Strain.
None, from that Hour,
Shall envy Power,
In high Degree,
Of Majeſty,
When *P-tt* a Miniſter ſhall be.

F I N I S.

So shalt thou thrive,
Industrious Hive;
While thefe and more
Increafe thy Store:
Thrice envy'd Land!
Referv'd to pay Britannia's Patriot Band.

Sunk in the Weſt,
As in the Eaſt;
For all allow
Thou art Sunk now,
Yet ſoon, when next
The Royal Bear,
Thou with ſuch Things
Shalt ſooth our Kings,
As gain'd Huzzas,
Of loud Applauſe,
From Syd--ham's glad
And Ca---ro mad:
Then ſhall for War
The Dutch declare.
Then we the Weſt
Shall meet and beſt,
Then, then ſhall France
Fall in a Trance,
Then, then ſhall Spain
Yield to thy Strain.
None, from that Hour,
Shall envy Power,
In high Degree,
Of Majeſty,
When Peace a Minifter ſhall be.

FINIS.